

TERRIBLE TUESDAY

By Bobbie Cutler

It was 9 a.m. and the Clipper office was buzzing with activity. Last minute copy, headlines, what would the lead story be? Grabbing a quick cup of coffee, the camera man rushed some halftones out to the dark room. A long legal notice came in the mail, and it had to go. Suddenly the lights go out. Everything stops. They didn't flicker on and off, they just went off, not to come on again until 7:30 that night. The room gets colder and colder. A transistor radio in the back room warns it might be 12 hours before power returned, because a grid is involved.

What to do? Not since the hurricane of '54 had the Clipper been late. We settle down to another cup of now cooling coffee. Well, might as well abandon ship and prepare for a long, cold afternoon at home. Stores are running out of blazer logs. Some rush to buy sterno and flashlights. Overheard at Toabe's: "Where can I get kerosene for my lamp?" Candle supplies dwindle. Back home, we light a blazer log and bring in a few sodden new cut logs we were saving for next winter. Thankfully, our stove is

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gas. Out of the freezer comes the sirloin roast we were saving for a special treat. Well, this is a special day. The oven will heat the kitchen up, too. As night falls, we prepare the candles, toss a salad and toss a few martinis. Our transistor radio warns that lights may not go on until tomorrow but finally, at 7:30 p.m., light appears. It is blinding. We blow out the candles. The holiday is over.

Perhaps it is a warning of days to come, when our sources of energy are gone.

The Clipper was late this week for the second time in 27 years. During the 1954 hurricane it was a day late when the power failure lasted even longer.

BOATS ADRIFT

High winds and waves took a heavy toll during Tuesday's storm as dozens of boats were grounded or smashed along the Massachusetts coastline by the fierce nor-easter. In Duxbury, a 200-foot-long scow, owned by a dredging company, broke loose in the harbor and drifted nearly 4 miles to shore off Nelson St. in Plymouth. By Wednesday morning the scow was back at its mooring.

I hate to think what would have happened if the storm hit in July when all the boats are in the water. Harbormaster Manny Oliver said. All along the South

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STUCK IN ELEVATOR

Fire Chief Howard Blanchard was summoned to the Town Offices Tuesday to rescue Town Accountant Rolando DeAguiar, who was stranded in the elevator when the power failed. It took Howie only 4 minutes to open the door of the elevator, but he refused to release Senor DeAguiar until he promised he wasn't trying to hijack his way back to Cuba.

Mrs. Edith Elliott of Franklin St. reports that during the Monday night storm the 100 year old apple tree in front of her house split and fell against her front door, sprinkling blossoms all over. For the 19 years she has lived here, Mrs. Elliott said the tree had weathered the storms. The always helpful Duxbury police came to her rescue.

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Shore boats were ripped from moorings and hurled onto the shore as waves driven by gusts up to 58 miles an hour pounded the coast. In Cohasset 8 boats ranging up to 35 feet in length were driven ashore, and 14 boats in Scituate went aground.

Wednesday morning we checked with Manny Oliver, who said Nathaniel Rochester's 40-foot Morgan sailboat had drifted to Saquish. Chip Bourget's 25-foot Blue Water sank, as did James Froodian's 18-foot outboard. A few prams and skiffs also sank.